POEMS

- Brian Edwards

This world
makes me mad
sad
hardly ever glad
mostly
sad and mad
that guy Vlad
where to start
with him
the world
stays the same
only the scenery
and the fancy
gadgets change
the world
has always
made people mad
and also sad
sometimes
it drives them
mad
I speak
from experience
I could write you
a book
but it'd be
too sad

***

- 3/8/2026

We are told
one thing
yet the opposite
occurs
bending the truth
was too much
of a hassle
a think tank
distinguished
thinkers
realized
light bulbs
went on
in their heads
they would simply
say one thing
and do
the complete
opposite
thus the nation
found itself
in a golden age
of prosperity
the end

***

- 3/8/2026

Early light
morning
little sound
back again
here I am
back again
in the same time
in the same place
the currents
of sleep
have brought
me back
to this
familiar shore
so the Sun
is the Sun
so the sea
is the sea
so the fields
are full
of tall grass
echoes
and memories
early light
little sound

***

-3/9/2026

Can you perceive
the cacophony
within the
cacophony
some words
hold bad intentions
within them
like wickedness
in a bottle
and yes
so very yes
we certainly know
that some
glass bottles
hold wickedness
within them
yet the words
of saints
can be like
lanterns
in the darkness
light in
the darkness
the words
are the light
the world
is the darkness
as we've
always known
yet sometimes
we forget
because we have
made ourselves
forget
the words
of the saints
are like keys
to the prison cell
the words
are the keys
the world
is the prison cell
as we've
always known

***

- 3/9/2026

Waking up
not pleased
with the world
not pleased
with the job
not pleased
with the
government
it's a thing
that happens
sometimes
empires
rise and fall
cathedrals
are built
colosseums
become ruins
pillars
of ancient temples
are half-buried
in the sand
in a desert
somewhere
I'm waking up
not pleased
with the
government

***

- 3/9/2026

The worse
and worse
it gets
the more
I just try
and forget
for who wants
to remember
some November
not worth it
to remember
or the
Ides of March
and all
the bad luck
surrounding
that day
friends
countrymen
those who held
the daggers
are they still
holding them now
are you even sure
what you can believe

***

- 3/9/2026

Tired of
the dead-end job
the hours
the moments
swing
like a pendulum
of the Inquisition
all those days
caught up
in the grind
that just
spits you out
in the end
they say
that's just
how it is
I say
give me
a forest
a mountain
a cave
a beach
in Tahiti

***

- 3/9/2026

Symphonies
of the bees
operas
of the boars
serenades
of the pineapple
grenades
all that love
that kind
of love
can drive you mad
make you hear
the sad clarinet
of the melancholy
the violin
of the
broken hearted
fool
way up there
in the hills

***

- 3/9/2026

Smell the flower
release
the power
drive away
the corrupt
it's all around
all the time
robber barons
orchestrate
their luck
they dream
at night
of oceans
of crude oil
yet you must
release
the power
of the flower
and drive them
all back into
the snake pit

***

- 3/9/2026

Morning fog
evening fog
much fog today
obscuring
the roads
obscuring
the toads
obscuring
the banquet
of thieves
in the dimming
of the light
in the place
you must travel
before
the long night
in the wind
of the fog
obscurity
is all there is
in the reign
of the fog
living
breathing
sleeping
eating
all in the time
of the fog
all in
the epoch
of the fog
all in the bog
of the fog
we wished
for clear skies
yet that wish
got decimated
by the fog

***

- 3/9/2026

The days
seem to blend
together
in some kind
of abstraction
of time
like spilling
paint
all over a floor
just to see
what is created
within
my own thoughts
I howl
at the Moon
sometimes
destiny
is a dragon
in the wind
truth
has become
a boiled egg
silence
is a symphony
of perfection
in its purest form
if you can
find such perfection
if you can realize
such immaculate
perfection
go to it
become
its humble listener
become its
joyful devotee

***

- 3/10/2026

Fate
is an electric viper
with lightning
bolt teeth
destiny
is its twin
an asp
with fangs
of volcanic glass
time
is the solution
of some things
yet not
everything
we often
find ourselves
waiting
for a change
in the wind
what this
signifies
can be both
felt within
and spoken of
with words
of depth
salvation
is an eagle
with glaring eyes
I wander
through this world
a troubadour
singing of
the morning light

***

- 3/10/2026

Those snake-tongued
snakes
what do
they think
this is
a snake festival
they've got
some buildings
made of marble
and they
filled them
with snakes
they speak
to each other
in the
snake-tongue
language
while the rest
of us
are left
in the dark

***

- 3/10/2026

Praise be
to Babylon
my taxes
just got higher
I must pay
the fiddler
that lights
the fires
see it all
go up
in smoke
some ideas
are just too
naive
for this world
this world
is full of
scorpions
rabbits
that are rabbit
and the
Raytheon Corporation

***

- 3/10/2026

I have
a thousand
excuses
for not caring
one cannot
be thrown
into the mud
repeatedly
and be told
to care about
the laundry
things get muddy
things get
covered in dirt
money gets dirty
well paid
clever folks
take money
to the laundry
in the Cayman Islands
and in Switzerland
on occasion
so I've heard

***

- 3/10/2026

Don't crawl
through
the window
don't kick down
the door
I don't dream
of being rich
when I wake up
being poor
money is the root
of all the rot
and when
you've departed
this world for
an astral plane
your money
won't mean
a thing
yet it sure
means a thing
here in the land
where money
is king
how the hell
did we allow
money
to become king
did the
Dutch East India
Company
conquer the world
in its day
economic models
forecast nothing
for me
I'm already
partly gone
from this world
I still walk
with Earthly feet
yet my eyes
can see
the shining
astral stars

***
- 3/10/2026

Sing the song
of the disillusioned
I've decided to be
an existentialist
yet you could say
I always was
I've always felt
that wind
of absurdity
ask about
true meaning
and you often
just get a lot
of cop-out answers
and though
with my own eyes
I've seen
a mysterious light
on the horizon
in the darkness
that looked like
something
that held meaning
like something
or someplace
that could
give me a sense
of true meaning
yet it was
too far away
too indiscernible
the darkness
prevailed
and the
existential winds
howled
in this world

***

- 3/10/2026

A terrible madness
has stricken us all
when we do not
see the cliff ahead
and the inevitable fall
are we too complacent
are we too laissez-faire
our own version
of Rome is burning
does no one care
and that is how
many a great empire
does fall
not with screams
and wailing
but with the most
quiet indifference
of all

***

- 3/11/2026

The times
are most strange
indeed
I suppose
a good explanation
is all I need
yet little
is straight
forward
anymore
these days
in the haze
in the haze
we all wonder
in the haze
and in these days
of blue skies
and teleprompter lies
we know
it's all lies
yet we've grown
so accustom
to the haze

***

- 3/11/2026

What is left now
to consider
so remarkable
I walk along
the edge
of the sea
I see
a thousand ships
sailing for Troy
what is so
splendid now
that we cannot
find the words
I see one ship
sailing towards
Ithaca
as I walk along
the edge
of the sea

***

- 3/11/2026

Sixteen
more miles
to the windmill
we'll pretend
it's a dragon
and attack it
with a lance
though come to think
of it
I have no lance
and I don't know
the direction
of the windmill
dare I say
I am a knight
down on his luck
who wished
to attack
a windmill
pretending it
was a dragon
I'm lost somewhere
probably in Holland
there's a windmill
out there
somewhere
it is my quest
to find it

***

- 3/11/2026

Don't feed
the gargoyles
they might
lose their fear
of humans
then they'll
be constantly
harassing humans
for something
to eat
just don't
feed them
just respect
the arrangement
that's been
in place
for centuries
don't be
that damn fool
that causes trouble
that upends
everything
gothic architecture
is simply
something
you look at
and admire
don't feed
the gargoyles
don't make them
act up
and frighten away
the tourist

***

- 3/12/2026

I moved on
all morning
across the plateau
across the places
of solitude
across the salt flats
where puddles
from a recent rain
reflect the clouds
in the blue sky
it makes it seem
like everything
out to the horizon
is all blue sky
and clouds
wouldn't that be
a dream
yes .... it is
like a very pleasant
dream

***

- 3/12/2026

In the clouds
I saw
a golden city
and upon
my ragged state
it seemed
to take some pity
it filled my mind
with thoughts
of immaculate gold
and told me
a secret
few mortals
are ever told

***

- 3/12/2026

Lets us go
down to
the river tonight
the stars
are out
and there's dragons
flying about
let us go
down to
the river tonight
the riverboat
is there
just having
returned
from a
celestial voyage
let's go there
down to
the river
we'll see
the reflection
of the Full Moon
in the water
and we'll think
of Luna
we'll see
the reflection
of Venus
in the water
and we'll think
of Aphrodite
let us go
down
to the river
tonight
while the
dragons
up above
breathe their fire

***

- 3/12/2026

The days feel long
the nights
feel brief
the job
is a drag
where I get
no relief
the weekends
are good
I get some time
on my own
yet sometimes
they go by
too quickly
like birds
that have flown
so here is
some thoughts
I scribble
them down
with my pen
someday
I'll give it all up
and just be
a monk of Zen

***

- 3/12/2026

Symmetry
is very important
unless
you prefer
the unsymmetrical
each has
their own
preference
for the alignment
of things
I prefer
the wonders
of geometric chance
yet others
may disagree
others may
prefer things
to be perfect
and straight
all the time
they would prefer
to not allow chance
to dictate anything
I personally think
they're sucking
on the pipe
of pipe dreams
a bit too much
yet it's all
in good fun
and to each
their own
concerning
the alignment
of things

***

-3/12/2026

Here's a little
poem
about not
a thing
just emptying
the mind
scribbling lines
across a page
from thought
to pen to paper
illusion
mirage
revelation
none of those
that would
be something
and this
this is
a little poem
about nothing
it is the scribbling
of something
that never was
a rain
that never fell
a wind
that never blew
a voice
that never spoke
in a room
of a house
that was
never built

***

- 3/12/2026

In a time
of blazing
horse manure
what can you say
just keep
looking
to the sky
and to all
that surrounds you
look for that sign
of the changing
season
that sign
of a change
in the wind
look around
for any sign
of the return
of the light
otherwise
what else
can you do
in a time
when the mice
are so bold
when the pigeons
just don't
give a damn
when horse manure
is blazing
all across
the land

***

- 3/13/2026

The oracle
told us
to just
play it cool
yet many of us
did not listen
many of us
would not
realize
this mistake
until they
became
a dinner
for the Kraken
or a target
for the harpies
to harass
and drive
to madness
I listened
to the oracle
I played it cool
sadly
others did not
now they're
carving
wood figurines
in the fiery
regions of Hades
ignorance
is not always bliss
arrogance
is not always
its own reward

***

- 3/13/2026

What about
all of this
what about
the songs
of the stars
what about
the eternal oceans
what about
the messengers
from the
sky cities
that rest upon
the clouds
that are
passing us by
do not
be in denial
let it all
fill you
with a voice
of passion
tonight
the winds
will howl
filled with
the dreams
of the wolves

***

- 3/13/2026

Eternal pulsations
rippling through
the sea of night
I knew myself better
at the beginning
of my own time
now .... I do not
know myself
quite as well
as I have been
diced up by
the world
cracked like
a mirror
in the springtime
I have looked
forward
many times
and I have seen
nothing there
I have looked back
many more times
and I have seen
roses and thorns
in a springtime
that once was

***

- 3/13/2026

Wait here with me
I am holding out hope
to behold
immaculate words
I see nothing
I tell nothing
to the sordid agents
of financial idolatry
how they still worship
the very concept
of money
they will not outlast
the flaming dreams
of time yet to be
it is a choice
we all must make
eventually
to tie ourselves
to the material
which all disappears
eventually
or to embrace
the ethereal
that which
can be perceived
beyond the threshold

***

- 3/13/2026

My mind collides
with eternal stars
I need more time
to explore the world
through
astral projection
I have committed
myself
to such a purpose
so the night
is a sea
in its own right
and of it
we may be
mariners
and navigators
of this sea
we may become those
that live
for the sea
the sea of night
the sea of night
with its
eternal stars
the sea of night
with its eternal
solitude
with its
eternal sanctuary
the sea of night
with its shining
starlight
of forever

***

- 3/14/2026

Explain this
to me
why the world
gets so crazy
at times
things we don't
want happening
crash against us
like tidal waves
we are caught up
dragged out
into a sea
of mechanical noise
and political
insanity
we always hope
to wash ashore
where the palm trees
grow tall
where the beach sand
is like
the embodiment
of serenity
explain this to me
if you are
able to
if it is something
that can even
be explained
that is
the question
the wind
is in possession
of the answer
the wind
is in possessions
of many things
memory
reflection
the energy
of the city streets
at night
when the gas lights
are glowing

***
- 3/14/2026

I follow
the course
of the stars
towards their
zenith
then onwards
towards
the dawn
seeing that
newly revealed
light
brings to me
something
of a Cosmic
connection
I bring
the starry heavens
with me
throughout
the day
Cosmic light
is the truest
light
you'll ever see
in this world
Cosmic light
is like
your wings
your sails
your motor
your wheels
Cosmic light
is the force
the momentum
to push
you forward
to take you along
on your journey
on the road
of being alive
in this world

***

- 3/14/2026

To the sea
we went
hoping to find
a different world
where one world ends
where one world begins
the sea
is a different world
if you
allow it to be
the waves
the sand
the shells
the seagulls
flying by
the sea
is a world
all on its own
that possesses
its own reflection
of eternity

***

- 3/14/2026

The red rose
speaks to me
through its color
its form
the essence
that its form creates
in this dimension
of the material
the red rose
speaks to me
through the music
of its perfection
its music
is the music
of cathedrals
in the sky
the red rose
is love
and the red rose
is pain
it is joy
and it is suffering
the beauty
of the red rose
is to be avoided
yet it can never
be avoided
the red rose
will take your blood
and leave you
with haunting
memories
yet the red rose
itself is
a symbol of love
and you will always
find yourself
returning
to the red rose
willing to accept
the price
you must pay
once more

***

- 3/14/2026

Lets cross
a great threshold
lets make
the world anew
I've had many
nice chances
yet I squandered
them good
now they just don't
come my way
I learned
though not really
I evolved
though not much
I keep seeing
the beginning
yet never the end
every day
I meet up with
the same brick wall
of time
it knows
me well
that damn
brick wall
of time

***

- 3/13/2026

The Sun
is up now
and a long day
awaits me
what lies before me
is much minutiae
and boring
how can civilization
thus be so
why have we created
so many
dreary things
why do we listen
to fools
that have
no real vision
the Sun
is up now
nothing spectacular
awaits
my mind
is too full of
the broken pieces
of so many memories
how can I express
my own vision
when they've
put me
in a labyrinth
of the mundane
the Sun
is up now
yet I'm already
waiting to behold
the stars
of the night

***

- 3/13/2026

The birds
sing no songs
to us
they are
giving us
the snub
one .... two
five .... thirteen
how many days
must the madness
continue
I've been
quite mad
for ten years
it takes its toll
yet you realize
a few things
and once
you realize
a few things
nothing
is ever the same

***

- 3/13/2026

All of these
long nights
all of these
candles
going out
not all
at once
but a few
at a time
all of those
long nights
soon there
will be
just the darkness
when the candlelight
is gone

***

- 3/14/2026

I heard
the serpents
singing
something
devilish
something
rotten
and diabolical
damn these
songs
of the serpents
heard by
the masses
once it's already
too late

***

- 3/14/2026

Mice in walls
and mice
in cages
mice all around
our theater
stages
Richard II
or Henry V
the mice
won't spend
any time
with thee

***

- 3/14/2026

It's been
ten years
being mad
as a mad dog
hope flew away
like a raven
to Valhalla
don't reckon now
the marbles
are all here
some got lost
along
the long road
of futility

***

- 3/14/2026

Everything seems
like a bad dream
or being thrown
into
a cold stream
money doesn't
grow on trees
but bees
sometimes
make a hive
in one
they'll protect
their Queen
and sting your feet
if you get
too close with
a threatening
demeanor
anyway
you won't find
any money there
it's with
the printing machines
pulled from thin air

***

- 3/14/2026

I once
had a friend
she went insane
I'll leave it there
I won't mention
any names
I was once
in a land
with quite
a bit of strife
as if cut down
the middle
with a butter knife
you've got to
take things
in stride
feel the joy
while you're still
alive
and when you
depart
they'll finally
notice your art
but by then
it'll be too late
you'll be long gone
by that date
a true
starving artist
of your time

***

- 3/14/2026

Driving
down the road
into
the Morning Sun
I don't love
where I'm going
the moments
will be grueling
the hours
will seem
apocalyptic
yet the work
must be seen to
if I'm going
to pay
that electric bill
I suppose I need
to pay that bill
and perhaps
a few
of the others
so I'll be
driving down
the road
into the morning Sun

***

- 3/14/2026

Now in
the early hour
when the swan
flys away
now in
the early hour
of another
mundane day
feathers
of a condor
within my sight
I'll never
find it
I'll never
seek it
I'll never
understand it
the promised land
of the Fool's Gold
dream
as a crown
is forged out
of hypocrisy
I won't move
a muscle
in this dark game
of the devils
wearing suits
with grins
on their faces
many things
have been
revealed to me
by the appearance
of the sea
in the early hour

***

- 3/14/2026

What's it like
looking at
the sky
when it seems
all is lost
I would say
the sky
seems the same
the sky
doesn't know
about your
troubles
and while it may
be sympathetic
if it did
it's not going
to change itself
on your account
you're just
one individual
the sky
is just going
to be the sky
perhaps
it will be
clear .... warm
and Sunny
tomorrow
all may be lost
yet clear
warm
and Sunny
is nice

***

- 3/15/2026

The vultures
feast
in a desert
canyon
in the hot
ancient Sun
one place
is believed
to be nowhere
one place
is believed to be
somewhere
the Sun
is the source
of all light here
where the vultures
feast
here where
things end
more than
they begin
in this hour
of the desert Sun
the vultures feast

***

- 3/15/2026

There's lots
of shells here
washed up
on the beach
what can
they teach
if you listen
with true heart
what beach
somewhere
at some point
in time
will you hear

***

- 3/15/2026

I know that I
have not
really awakened
to anything
really profound
in quite some time
storm clouds
have followed me
in my travels
destiny has
shredded my reality
like a Katana sword
to a tablecloth
I have always
dreamt of escape
exile
an oasis
in the middle
of a desert
be it a mirage
or no
it did not
matter to me
I wanted to behold
appearances
without explanation
the cold metallic
machinery
follows its
own destiny
my destiny perhaps
is to vanish
into a wavy horizon
down a long road
that has
many stories
to tell

***

- 3/15/2026

Sometimes
we wake up
suddenly
and realize
that we've gone in
a complete circle
we've allowed
ourselves
to get swept up
in a course
of events
that have already
played out
countless times
in many lands
we step forward
into events
that we set
in motion
I once believed
in the
shining light
then I figured out
it was all
propaganda
it took me
too long
to figure out
that is true
yet I truly
did believe
in the appearance
of the
shining light
looking back now
I wish that I
had taken the time
to be more
observant
yet what can
you do sometimes
the world bestows
both its light
and its darkness
in disproportionate
measures
*** - 3/15/2026

It's a thing
to see
the light
of the dawn
in this world
I'm but
a pawn
and somewhere
in this garden
of unearthly
delights
there's a fawn
opening its eyes
and beholding
the first light
of dawn

***

- 3/15/2026

I'm captivated
by very little
anymore
to be captivated
is to find
the passion
to be captivated
I have not
known such things
since before
the crazy times

***

- 3/15/2026